

The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—*Goethe*.

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[Registered for Transmission Abroad.]

VOL. 46—No. 29.

SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1868.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Last Night of the Subscription Season.—Production of "Il Flauto Magico."

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), JULY 18TH, will be performed Mozart's Opera,
"IL FLAUTO MAGICO."

Pamina, Mdlle. Titiens; ASTRIFAMMante, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson; Papagena, Mdlle. Sincé; Tre Damigelle della Regina, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Mdlle. Bauermeister, Mdlle. Corsi; Tre Geni, Mdlle. Rose Hersé, Mdlle. Zandrina, Mdlle. Drasdi; Tamino, Signor Bettini; Sacerdote, Signor Florini; Un Altro Sacerdote, Signor Boil; Due Uomini Armati, Signor Agretti, Signor Bertacchi; Oratore degl' Iniziati, Signor Cavaboni; Monostatos, Mr. Lyall; Sarastro, Signor Foli; Papageno, Mr. Santley.

CONDUCTOR - - - SIGNOR ARDITI.

The Scenery by Mr. WILLIAM BEVERLEY. The *Mise-en-scene* by Mr. EDWARD STIRLING.
Commence at Half-past Eight o'clock.

Stalls, One Guinea; Amphitheatre Stalls, 7s. and 5s.; Reserved Box Seats, 10s. 6d.; Gallery, 2s. 6d.
Boxes, Stalls, and Places may be obtained at the new Box-office, Her Majesty's Theatre, next Pall Mall, open under the superintendence of Mr. Nugent from Ten till Five; also at the Box-office, Theatre-Royal, Drury Lane, under the Front Porch; and at the principal Librarians' and Musicians'.

FINAL TWO WEEKS.

NOTICE.—Mr. Mapleson has the honour to announce that, at the close of the regular season this evening, he has arranged to give Two Weeks of Grand Extra Nights, terminating on Saturday, August 1st, when the Theatre will positively close.

Extra Night.—Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

MONDAY NEXT, July 20th, Donizetti's Opera, "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR." Edgardo, Signor Moriano; Ned, La Pergola, Florence (his first appearance); Enrico Astou, Mr. Santley; Raimondo, Signor Florini; Arturo, Signor Agretti; Normanno, Signor Casaboni; Alisa, Mdlle. Corsi; and Lucia, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson. Conductor, Signor Arditi.

Titiens, Kellogg, Nilsson.

TUESDAY NEXT, July 21st (last time but one), Mozart's Opera, "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO."

MDLLE. TITIENS will appear as PAMINA, in Mozart's Opera, "Il Flauto Magico," THIS EVENING; and as LA CONTESSA, in "Le Nozze di Figaro," on TUESDAY NEXT.—HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

MDLLE. CHRISTINE NILSSON as ASTRIFIAMANTE, in "Il Flauto Magico," THIS EVENING; as LUCIA on MONDAY NEXT; and as CHERUBINO on TUESDAY NEXT.—HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

MDLLE. CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG as SUSANNA, in "Le Nozze di Figaro," on TUESDAY NEXT.—HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

MISS BESSIE EMMETT (Soprano). All communications respecting engagements with his Pupil, Miss BESSIE EMMETT, to be addressed to Mr. J. TENIELLI CALLEN, 12, Oakley Square, N.W.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—In consequence of the sudden withdrawal of all pecuniary aid from Her Majesty's Government, it has been resolved by the Special Committee appointed at a General Meeting of the Directors, Subscribers, and Professors of the Institution, on the 2nd of May, to make an appeal to the general public, with a view to raise an adequate fund for the future provision of the Institution. A SPECIAL SUBSCRIPTION LIST has therefore been opened at the LONDON AND COUNTY BANK, Hanover Square; and the names of those who are willing to become contributors, either as annual subscribers or as donors, will be received and duly acknowledged by the Members of the Committee, as well as by the Secretary; by whom also copies of the *Special Report*, issued by the Committee, will be forwarded on application.

By Order,

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
Tenterden Street, Hanover Square.

C. A. BARRY,
Secretary to the Special Committee.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT-GARDEN.

Mdlle. Adelina Patti.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), JULY 18TH, (last time this Season) Donizetti's Opera,

"LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO."

After which the grand Cloister Scene from "ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO," including the Ballet and Resuscitation of the Nuns.

LAST WEEK OF THE SEASON.

Extra Night.—Mdlle. Adelina Patti, and Signor Mario.

On MONDAY, July 20th, Rossini's Opera, "IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA."

On TUESDAY NEXT, July 21st, for the first time on the Italian stage in England, Auber's celebrated Comic Opera, "LE DOMINO NOIR," arranged expressly for the Royal Italian Opera, by M. Auber.

On WEDNESDAY, July 22nd, "LE DOMINO NOIR."

Last Night of the Season.—Benefit of Mdlle. Adelina Patti.

On THURSDAY, July 23rd, a Combined Entertainment will be given. Full particulars will be duly announced.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY (SATURDAY).

GRAND OPERA CONCERT and AFTERNOON PROMENADE (LAST BUT ONE OF THE SERIES). Mdlle. Clara Louise Kellogg, Mdlle. Sincé, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, and Madame Roubaud de Command; Signor Ferensi, Signor Florini, Signor Boil, Signor Neri (of the Pergola, Florence, first appearance), and Signor Gassier. The Crystal Palace Choir. Conductor, Mr. Manns. Admission 6s.; or by Guinea Season Tickets.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.—The LONDON ACADEMY

OF MUSIC'S ANNUAL CONCERT.—The Annual Morning Concert by the Associates and Professional Students will take place, under the direction of Professor WYLDE, Mus. Doc., THIS (SATURDAY) MORNING, July 18th, at Two o'clock. Pianists—Miss Kate Roberts (Associate), Miss Christie Baker (Associate), Miss Wheeler, Miss Gray, Miss Rose Ryle, Miss Lucy MacManus, Miss Vargas, Miss Hutchinson, and Mr. Barth. Violinists—Mr. Saunders and Mr. Ellis Roberts, jun. Violoncellist—Master Saunders. Vocalists—Miss Fanny Holland (Associate), Miss Dove Dolby (Associate), Miss Abbott (Associate), the Misses Merryweather, Miss Walker, Miss Robinson, Miss Jones, Miss Thorne; Mr. Pellissier (Associate), Mr. Watson, and Mr. Adelman. N.B.—The Public and the Amateur Students are invited to attend and remark the progress of the students.—Tickets, 6s., 2s. 6d. Admission 1s.; to be had at the Office, 4, Langham Place, Regent Street North. G. R. WILKINSON, Sec.

M R. LANSDOWNE COTTELL'S THIRD and LAST MORNING CONCERT for the introduction of his Singing and Piano Pupils will take place on WEDNESDAY, the 22nd of July, at Three o'clock precisely, on which occasion he will introduce in his Programme Twenty Pupils. Signor Caravoglia and other eminent artists will appear. Conductor—Herr Leh Meyer. For all information apply to Mr. Lansdowne Cottell, Norfolk House, Norfolk Road, Bayswater.

REMOVAL.

M R. W. H. CUMMINGS begs to announce his REMOVAL from Forest Hill to No. 1, BRACKLEY VILLAS, THURLOW PARK ROAD, DULWICH.

REMOVAL.

M ILLIS MARIE STOCKEN begs to announce her REMOVAL from Monmouth Road to 44, BURLINGTON ROAD, ST. STEPHEN'S SQUARE, BAYSWATER.

ORGAN FOR SALE.

F OR SALE, a CHURCH ORGAN, suitable for a SMALL BUILDING. Price £40. Apply to Rev. T. W. FOWLE, Holy Trinity Parsonage, Herbert Street, New North Road, London, N.

ELECTRIC ORGANS.

BRYCESON & CO., LONDON, are prepared to tender for Large CHURCH and CONCERT HALL ORGANS, to be built or reconstructed on this new system (Patent), which is now being adopted at Her Majesty's Opera, Christ Church, Camberwell; St. Michael's, Cornhill; and St. George's, Salford Park.

[July 18, 1868]

A LADY residing in the West Riding of Yorkshire is about to RETIRE from her Professional Duties as TEACHER of MUSIC and SINGING, and is prepared to introduce to her Connection (which for many years has yielded an Income of £400 per annum) a Lady qualified to become her successor. Full particulars and amount of Goodwill required may be learnt from CHARLES OLLIVIER, Esq., of Bradford, to whom all communications may be addressed.

BRIGHTON CONCERT AGENTS,
PIANOFORTE AND MUSICSELLERS,
LYON & HALL,
WARWICK MANSION.

Just Published,
THREE SONGS FOR BARITONE OR MEZZO-SOPRANO,
By F. C. A. RUDALL.

| | S. D. |
|---|-------|
| Gaily over the bounding sea. Barcarolle | 3 6 |
| My sunny Gascon shore | 3 6 |
| Serenade | 3 6 |

London: WILLIAM CZERNY, 81, Regent Street, W.

MADAME CZERNY,
Soprano.

ALL APPLICATIONS RELATING TO
CONCERT ENGAGEMENTS AND LESSONS
TO BE ADDRESSED TO
81, REGENT STREET, W.

G LASGOW SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.—
Mr. JAMES AIRLIE, Secretary, is at present in Town for a few days, and may be communicated with at ANGUS'S HOTEL, 28, New Bridge Street, Blackfriars.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON and MR. LEIGH WILSON will sing NICOLA's popular Duet, "ONE WORD," at Miss Kate Gordon's Pianoforte and Vocal Recitals, at Filey, July 18th (THIS DAY); Bridlington, 20th; Harringate, 22nd.

MISS EDWARDS'S SOIREE MUSICALE D'INVITATION will take place WEDNESDAY EVENING, July 22nd, at Nine o'clock.

MISS BERRY-GREENING begs to announce that she is now in Town for the Season, and that she has resumed her Private Lessons and Classes as usual. Letters relative to Concert Engagements, Private Parties, Lessons, etc., should be addressed care of MESSRS. CHAPPELL, 50, New Bond Street, W.

MISS CLINTON FYNES requests that all communications respecting Concerts, Pianoforte Lessons, etc., be addressed to her, 27, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MADAME WEISS has the honour of announcing to her friends and the public that she has resumed her Professional Duties, and is in town for the Season.—St. George's Villa, Gloucester Road, Regent's Park.

M DLLE. CONSTANCE SKIWA (Pianist from Vienna) will play CHOPIN'S GRANDE POLONAISE, Op. 53, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on the 23rd Inst. All communications to be addressed to her residence, 3, Upper Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy Square.

M R. ADOLPHE GANZ begs to announce that he still continues to score Operas, Cantatas, and Single Arias, for Full or Small Bands, on moderate terms. Apply to MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., Music Publishers, 244, Regent Street; or at Mr. A. GANZ'S residence, 37, Golden Square.

M R. W. H. TILLA (*Primo Tenore*) has just returned from Italy, and is open to Engagements for Opera, Concerts, Oratorios, and Provincial Tours. Address care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street.

M R. CHARLES STANTON (Tenor) is open to Engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, &c. Address—12, Porchester Place, Oxford Square, Hyde Park.

H ERR SCHUBERTH begs to announce that he will return to Town in September next. All letters to be addressed care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street.

VALSE IMPROMPTU,
POUR LE PIANOFORTE.

Par CHARLES FOWLER.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

GOD BLESS OUR SAILOR PRINCE. Sung with a startling effect by Mr. W. H. CUMMINGS, at the Crystal Palace Fête, July 4th. To be had everywhere.

I MMENSELY POPULAR SONGS.

1. GOD BLESS OUR SAILOR PRINCE. STEPHEN GLOVER. 3s.
2. THE BRIDGE. Miss M. LINDSAY. 3s.
3. THE WISHING CAP. W. T. WRIGHTON. 3s.
4. HAPPY BE THY DREAMS. J. R. THOMAS. 3s.
5. OH! SPARE MY FLOWER. ANGELA. 3s.
6. FAR AWAY. Miss M. LINDSAY. 3s.
7. I BUILT A BRIDGE OF FANCIES. ANNE FRICKER. 3s.
8. GOD BLESS THE PRINCE OF WALES. B. RICHARDS. 3s.

All at half-price, with an extra stamp for postage.

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SCHIRIA'S Vocal Waltz, "IL BALLO," Valse Brillante, for Voice and Piano, composed expressly for and dedicated to Mdlle. Liebhart by F. SCHIRIA, is published, price 4s., by DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

The above charming Waltz has been sung by the most popular sopranos of the day.

M R. SANTLEY'S Great Song, "WHEN MY THIRSTY SOUL I STEEP," composed expressly for him by Mr. BENEDICT, and sung with distinguished success at the Hereford and Birmingham Festivals, is published, price 4s., by DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

"**A LL AMONG THE SUMMER ROSES.**" The popular Ballad in VIRGINIA GABRIEL'S Operetta, "A Rainy Day," is published price 3s., by DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

The Operetta complete for Voice and Piano, 15s.; and the Libretto, 6d.

"BELINDA." Mazurka de Salon pour Piano, par ERNESTO CATALANI, price 4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published,

"**THINK ON ME**" ("Go where the water glideth"). Song, the words by an old poet, the music by HENRY BAKER (composer of "The Stepping Stones"), price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

"**LOVE ME, BELOVED.**"

HERR REICHARDT'S New Song, "LOVE ME, BELOVED" (composed and sung by Herr REICHARDT), is published, price 4s., by DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

"**DON CARLOS.**"

THE VOCAL MUSIC and the ARRANGEMENTS for the PIANOFORTE of VERDI'S "DON CARLOS," are ON SALE at DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, Regent Street, W.

"**LE PREMIER JOUR DE BONHEUR.**"

THE VOCAL MUSIC and the ARRANGEMENTS for the PIANOFORTE of AUBER'S New Opera are ON SALE at DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, Regent Street.

"**HAMLET.**"

THE VOCAL MUSIC and PIANOFORTE ARRANGEMENTS of AMBROSE THOMAS'S New Opera, "HAMLET," are ON SALE at DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, Regent Street.

Published This Day,

"PHILOMELLE,"
(CHANSON),

Chanteé par Madame MANTORELLI-GARCIA et Mdlle. ANGELINA SALVI.

Paroles de J. B. ROUSSEAU.

Musique de HORTON C. ALLISON.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON and CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published,

"SUNSHINE,"
SONG.

The Poetry by Miss E. GOMES.

The Music by MARSHALL H. BELL.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street.

RECITALS.

(From the "Saturday Review," July 11th, 1868.)

We believe that Franz Liszt, now Abbé Liszt, chief apostle of the "Art-work of the Future," inventor of Richard Wagner, household pianist to his Holiness Pio IX., composer of oratorios, cantatas, "idealistic symphonies," &c.—the man who, through his social influence as a virtuoso, which all over Germany is enormous, though, happily, elsewhere impotent, has done more harm to music than any of his contemporaries or predecessors—was the first to dignify a particular kind of musical entertainment with the pompous nickname of "Recital." As Liszt, however, played everything, his own music included, from memory, the title was, after all, not so inappropriate; but it has now come into general use, and whether the virtuoso exhibits with or without book, it is all one—his performances, as a matter of course, are "Recitals." We have had "Recitals" year after year, in London, from every sort of player, big, middling, and diminutive, from pianists of the first class, from pianists of the second and third classes, and from comparatively obscure teachers, who ask their friends and pupils a guinea, or half-a-guinea as may be expedient, for performances which ordinary musical amateurs would not pay a shilling to hear, or which, in fact, if the case were put to them, they would rather give a shilling not to hear. During the winter, spring, and summer, our "Recitals" have been legion. Madlle. Madeleine Schiller, a young and very promising artist, has recited no less than six times. Mrs. John Macfarren has recited, and her "Recitals" have derived no small share of interest from the annotations appended to each piece by her relative, Mr. G. A. Macfarren. Mr. Walter Cecil Macfarren, who recites annually for the edification of his immediate circle, the Misses Kingdon, Misses Gordon and Roberts (Kate), Miss Clinton Fynes, and other aspiring young ladies, have recited. Mr. Sidney Smith, composer of popular pieces for the drawing-room, has recited some of his own compositions, together with "*par une bonté toute particulière*," an occasional sprinkling of the "classical." Herr Schloesser, an enthusiastic Schumannite has disposed of his idol, *quoad* the pianoforte-side of his productivity, in four "Recitals." Signor Tito Mattei has equally recited, among other things, a pianoforte-concerto by Signor Li Calzi, the orchestral accompaniments represented by a second pianoforte. Mr. Horton C. Allison has recited. Herr Coenen—who, though he can play well enough with two hands, like any ordinary mortal, occasionally (like M. Wehli) employs the left hand alone—has recited; and Mr. Aptommas has recited on the harp some dozen times without stint. These, and many more, have recited, according as the spirit moved and the fingers obeyed, several of them playing what are conventionally denominated "transcriptions"—in other language, arrangements, or derangements, of compositions never intended for the pianoforte, and still less in the grotesque shape they are made to assume. If the rage continues, we may look to Herr Immanuel Liebich for a "recital" of his Musical Box, where, unless the "Pianautomaton" or "Electric automaton piano player," of M. Trastow, be brought into action, we must surely stop; for lower than the "Musical Box" it would be impossible to descend in "Recitals" proceeding from animated fingers.

But from among all the serried company of pianists, &c., who have recited during the current season, we are only able to pick out three whose performances, having a direct purpose, possessed any claim to public recognition. The exceptional three are Mr. Charles Hallé, Madame Arabella Goddard, and M. Antoine Rubinstein. The "Recitals" given by these professors had specific objects in view. Mr. Hallé wished to make the musical world familiar with all the pianoforte compositions of Schubert that have found their way into print; Madame Goddard was desirous of introducing the whole of the *Lieder ohne Worte* of Mendelssohn, together with his "Posthumous" Preludes, Studies, and Sonatas; while M. Rubinstein especially aimed at exhibiting himself. As these renowned artists have little or nothing in common, we shall consider them separately.

To begin with the eldest of the three—Mr. Hallé—who was more or less of a great man when Antoine Rubinstein and Arabella Goddard, the former by some years older than the latter, were what the Germans call "wonder-children," children able to do with ease that which nineteen adults out of twenty, after long years of laborious application, are unable to accomplish even indifferently. Mr. Hallé from the first was addicted to what is termed "classical," but which, age having nothing to do with it, might just as well be simply denominated good, music. In Paris, before the Revolution of 1848, he was famous at the Conservatoire, and elsewhere, for his performances of Beethoven's concertos; and when, in that year, after one or two short visits, he settled in England, what had previously been his chief, thenceforth became his undivided, pursuit. Mr. Hallé never shone brilliantly as a player of fantasias, and the choice which has influenced his long and honourable career evinced hardly less discretion than good taste. Though for many years habitually living at Manchester, where he has done more for music than any professor of ability who ever took up his residence in a country town,

his is one or the most frequent and one of the most welcome apparitions at the Monday Popular Concerts, and in the summer season he makes the metropolis his home. During his visits to London it has for many years been Mr. Hallé's agreeable custom to give afternoon performances on Fridays at St. James's Hall, under the name of "Pianoforte Recitals." In the beginning these Recitals were exclusively devoted to Beethoven, the whole of whose solo pianoforte sonatas, on three different occasions, he has played in chronological order. At other times, while making Beethoven the leading attraction of his programmes, he has introduced the works of various composers, and proved himself as intimately conversant with J. S. Bach, Handel, Mozart, Clementi, Dussek, Weber, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Stephen Heller, &c., &c., while showing an indifference to P. Emanuel Bach, Woelfl, Steibelt, Pinto, Hummel, F. Hiller and Sterndale Bennett, which is inexplicable in so accomplished a musical bibliophilist. Not a single series, however, has been otherwise than instructive; and perhaps the one just expired may compare in sterling interest with any of its precursors. The eight programmes comprised—from the works of Schubert—the ten published sonatas; the so-called "*Fantaisie-Sonate*" (in G); the *fünf Clavierstücke*—which, though independent pieces, are (four among them at least) generally believed to have been intended as integral parts of another sonata;* the great *Fantasia* in C—in which the theme of "*The Wanderer*" is used as a basis for some ingenious variations, and to which the adventurous Liszt added orchestral accompaniments (as though Schubert could not, had he pleased, have done that for himself); the two sets of "*Impromptus*"; the "*Moments Musicaux*"; the *Adagio et Rondo* in E, and certain dance pieces, which, probably, no one would have been more surprised than Schubert to find set down for performance in a series of "Recitals" like Mr. Hallé's. Most interesting among these works (which, nevertheless, it must not be supposed include anything like the whole of Schubert's compositions for pianoforte alone †) were the sonatas, some, though not nearly all, of which had been already played in public by Mr. Hallé and Madame Goddard; and not the least welcome were the sonatas in E flat, B major, and C minor wholly unknown to the large majority of the audience, and as characteristic examples of Schubert as anything that came from his untiring pen. While putting Beethoven in the same programmes, Mr. Hallé evinced sound judgment in confining himself to the minor pianoforte compositions of that unequalled master; for beautiful and ingenious as several of them are, and original as they are all, the sonatas of Schubert would not have enjoyed a fair chance of appreciation in juxtaposition with those of his great contemporary, by the side of whom, it has been aptly said, Schubert was as a woman to a man. The miscellaneous pianoforte works of Beethoven, however, offer a rich mine of wealth, and fairly stood their ground against the sonatas and the other pieces of Schubert; for, charming as are the "*Impromptus*," &c., of the lesser master, none of them can compare with the Variations in C minor, the Variations on a Waltz by Diabelli, or the Variations and Fugue in E flat, with the composition of which and others of the same stamp the giant solaced his leisure hours. But the leisure of Beethoven was often more productive than the serious labour of other men; and these two sets of Variations, to speak of nothing besides, have scarcely their parallel in music. Mr. Hallé's playing need not be described again. It is masterly, in its way, as amateurs well know; and above all it is distinguished by a mechanical finish that any pianist might envy. It is, moreover, the playing of a thorough musician, and an artist to the core.

Madame Arabella Goddard's Recitals, though only three in number, were quite as interesting as those of Mr. Hallé. Often as some of the most popular of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte* have been heard in our concert-rooms, probably not more than a fourth of them had been publicly played till now. Madame Goddard's scheme included the whole of the eight books, each containing six songs. To these she added the *Barcarole* in A, which originally appeared in an album published by the late Maurice Schlesinger, and which is as beautiful as any of them; besides the three Preludes, three Studies, and two Sonatas only very recently given to the world. A description of the forty-eight, or forty-nine, published *Lieder ohne Worte* of Mendelssohn would exceed our limits; nor, happily, is it necessary. They are all more or less familiar to amateurs who prefer good music to bad. To hear them, however, from beginning to end, disposed in groups of four, not according to the order in which they are printed, but with a view to contrast of style and relationship of keys, played, too, with the perfection of refinement which Madame Goddard brings to them, one and all—to the most difficult as well as to the easiest (and the *Lieder* traverse the entire ladder of difficulties)—was unprecedented. The experiment might have been considered doubtful by those who have no implicit faith in the plastic genius of Mendelssohn; but it was crowned with

* Just as Robert Schumann suggested might be the case with a set of "four Impromptus."

† A glance at the comprehensive Catalogue of Dr. Theodore Kreissle von Hellborn is enough to show the contrary.

[July 18, 1868.]

success, and will doubtless be repeated. The new Preludes and Studies, fresh proofs of the versatility of their composer, admirable as music, and of the highest utility as mechanical exercises, materially enriched the first and second programmes. The entire six were heard with marked satisfaction; but two of the Studies more particularly (in F major and A minor), examples of those animated and ingeniously elaborated quick movements in the production of which Mendelssohn displayed such endless variety, were singled out from the rest for special approval, and, executed with the dazzling fluency peculiar to Madame Goddard, were unanimously called for again. Of the greater sonata, in B flat, we spoke on the occasion of its first performance at the Monday Popular Concerts, in the early spring. The work gains by familiarity, the second movement, in B flat minor, especially—one of the most individual and charming of the Mendelssohnian family of *Scherzi*. The smaller sonata, in G minor—written at the age of twelve—is little short of a miracle. The lovers of Mendelssohn's music are deeply indebted to Madame Goddard for so unexpected and ample a supply of it in the height of the "fashionable" season.

M. Rubinstein's three Recitals were, of their kind, unique. The programmes embraced all sorts and degrees of music, from J. S. Bach and Handel to Mozart, from Mozart to Beethoven, from Beethoven to Mendelssohn, and from Mendelssohn to Herr Rubinstein himself, who, among other specimens of his creative power, edified his hearers with a prelude and fugue unlike any other prelude and fugue with which the art is endowed. Shade of John Sebastian Bach! what a fugue! If, as the Augustan poet maintains—

Versibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult—

surely the converse holds as well. A fugue is a grave matter, and, like Thyles' banquet, disdains to be treated otherwise than gravely; but the fugue of M. Rubinstein is a comic travesty, very hard to play (a feat, indeed, which possibly no other than M. Rubinstein would have the temerity to risk), but still harder to listen to. The other pieces in the suite to which this singular fugue belongs are more musical, because less pretentious. It is when venturing on such ground that the virtuoso proper is frequently bewildered, aiming at that for which he has no vocation, and aiming at it in the vain-glorious spirit which, while affecting to despise whatever does not directly appertain to "virtuosity," is none the less anxious to show that to "virtuosity" nothing comes amiss. M. Rubinstein's fugue is much the same species of concoction as, in another sphere, an orchestral symphony of his master and prototype, Abbé Liszt. Nor is the prelude much better. At the same time the delivery of each by the composer was a marvel of facile execution. M. Rubinstein is undeniably a prodigious executant, and if he could by any magic acquire the art of keeping himself within reasonable bounds, he would be one of the most astonishing performers of the day. As it is, the result of his too manifest exertions is terribly unsatisfactory. It is by sheer accident that he plays a piece uniformly well; and this but seldom happens. It happened occasionally in the course of his three Recitals, and afforded such unalloyed gratification that the rarity of the occurrence was all the more disheartening. Among the pieces which M. Rubinstein played thus well were two *Nocturnes*—graceful, quiet, unobtrusive trifles—by John Field; Mozart's lovely *Rondo* in A minor; a *gigue* by Handel; and some of his own less ambitious compositions. These were, one and all, given to perfection—faultless alike in tone, gradation, mechanism and style. But the remainder was vexatiously unequal—here and there very good, here and there indifferent, here and there outrageously bad. M. Rubinstein's own "study" in C major, for instance, was neither more nor less than a practical joke upon the audience—not alone the "study" itself, but the cool effrontery with which it was delivered. Then the liberties taken with two out of three of the sonatas of Beethoven—the great sonata in C minor (the 31st and last) and the E major, Op. 109—were intolerable to those who care to think how much more there is in a single phrase of Beethoven than in all the perpetrations of all the "virtuosi" that ever existed. The other sonata (the D minor, Op. 31) was far preferable, because treated with becoming reverence, though, on the whole, certainly not played as the composer himself would like to have heard it. In one or two of Chopin's pieces M. Rubinstein showed both great power and great expression; but in the B minor *scherzo* he again ran wild. This unhappy *scherzo* reminded us of Mazeppa, and Herr Rubinstein of the wild horse to whose back Mazeppa was strapped, without a chance of escape. In Mendelssohn's fairy-like *Presto Scherzando*, we had once more the wild horse and Mazeppa. On the other hand, some of the seventeen *Variations Sériesées* of the same composer were very finely played, while the rest were caricatured. The dreary *Etudes Symphoniques*, and the cumbersome *Scènes Mignonnes*, or *Carnaval*—a proof, if proof were required, that Schumann was destitute of genuine humour—are more after M. Rubenstein's own heart, and for the greater part were admirably given. But enough has been said, without referring to the "transcriptions" of the overture to *Egmont*, the "Wedding March" from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the quick

march from the *Ruins of Athens*, with each of which, for no apparent reason, M. Rubinstein's admirers were in ecstasies, to support our opinion that the impetuous Wallachian pianist, if in some respects one of the most wonderful, is in others one of the most irregular and unsatisfying of executants. That he is richly endowed is unquestionable; but in taking Abbé Liszt instead of M. Thalberg for model, he has overshot his mark. M. Thalberg is one of those who do nothing without careful premeditation; Abbé Liszt is a man of exactly the opposite stamp; and M. Rubinstein, who is far from equaling either, would have shown more wisdom in adopting the soberer precedent—*qui nil molitur incepit*.

"LA GRANDE DUCHESSE."

Sir John Brute, a worthy knight well known to the playgoers of the Garrick period, when Vanbrugh's *Provoked Wife* still kept possession of the stage, had an easy and convenient standard whereby to judge specimens of lyrical art. "I would not give a fig for a song that is not full of sin and impudence." So said good Sir John, applying his standard approvingly to a ditty which had just been sung by his friend Lord Rake, and which wound up with the burden, "In peace I jog on to the devil." This was the original song of the piece, and it will be found in the collected edition of Vanbrugh's works; but some acute critic seems afterwards to have discovered that it scarcely came up to the high encomium which had been passed upon it. Lord Rake indeed braved all edicts, divine and human, when he sang—

When my head's full of wine
I overflow with design,
And know no penal laws that can curb me;
What'er I devise
Seems good in my eyes,
And religion ne'er dares to disturb me.

But though his vaunts were sinful enough in all conscience, they could scarcely be termed impudent in that popular sense of the adjective according to which it is a euphemism for a disyllable of disreputable origin. Accordingly, in later editions of the *Provoked Wife* we find, in lieu of the old profane lay, another song so grossly indecent that, were it a new production, it could scarcely be printed now-a-days without risk of a visit from the representatives of the Society for the Suppression of Vice. The facts we have just recorded furnish a powerful answer to the often asserted theory that criticism is without practical effect on literature. The lyrics of Lord Rake were found wanting when weighed in the balance proposed in the poetics of Sir John, and were altered accordingly.

There have been times when the knight's clearly expressed canon threatened to become obsolete. The verses that were sung at Vauxhall towards the end of last century, and which, though of unmistakably Southern growth, recorded in a quasi-Scottish dialect the loves and squabbles of Jockie and Jeanie, were saucy at the best, but never impudent. Something similar may be said of the vast quantity of popular songs that cropped up during the reign of George IV., and afforded ample opportunities for the display of a certain acerbity proper to some of the best female vocalists of the period. Nay, at the present day, the restrictions laid by prudent mammas on the poetry sung by young ladies at the piano are so severe that love, save when it takes a perfectly harmless domestic tone, is regarded with avowed disfavour by publishers of music, cognizant of the powers by which their market is ruled. The little lyrical coquettices which would have been quite according to order forty years since would now be deemed far too demonstrative. Nevertheless, if we have any doubt that the principle of lyrical excellence laid down by Sir John Brute is widely maintained even now, we have only to cast our eyes to those places of public recreation where tastes of all kinds are gratified under the one comprehensive category of a taste for music. When our fathers flourished, songs were indeed chanted at a late hour, at the Coal-holes and Cider-cellars of the time, more beastly than anything that would be tolerated at the present day; but then it was understood that these were intended for the exclusive recreation of men of loose habits, and of the mob of green-horns who waste their hours and health in "seeing life." To this generation in particular belongs that mass of sin and impudence nightly yelled forth at the music-halls, in the presence of persons of both sexes, including women not necessarily belonging to an abandoned class. To this generation in particular belong the vocal Lizzies, Minnies, and Nellies who seem to claim a familiarity with their hearers, and allow their portraits, radiant with immodesty, to be placarded against the walls. To this generation in particular belongs that race of quasi-male-female acrobats, who by an occasional accident gratify that latent feeling of cruelty which is so often the concomitant of licentiousness. To this generation in particular belongs the exalted patronage ostentatiously bestowed on such a work as M. Offenbach's operatic extravaganza, *La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein*.

There is no doubt that at the bottom of the importance attached to the works of this new and celebrated composer lies a strong taste for what may be mildly called the improper among the higher classes of English society. When M. Offenbach was first emerging from obscurity on the strength of the small and slight works which he composed for the newly opened Bouffes Parisiens, the whisper went abroad that in the Champs Elysées an odd but extremely pretty little theatre had sprung up, at which pieces were performed most delightful to see and hear, but scarcely decorous enough for the English taste. The same pieces were transferred to London, and brought out at the St. James's Theatre; but they attained no great success, and it was understood that what one liked to witness in Paris, where John Bull is supposed to be out "on the loose," one did not care to behold in London. As, however, M. Offenbach expanded from a composer of operetta into a composer of what, from its dimensions at any rate, seemed entitled to be called opera, and the field of his labours was no longer the upstart Bouffes, but the time-honoured Variétés, people began to name him with respect as a musical genius, whose solid worth, veiled under a gauze of frivolity, had been underrated; and a smile of grave approval was substituted for a knowing chuckle or a significant nudge in the ribs. *La Belle Hélène* was pronounced a great work when properly interpreted, and greater still was *La Grande Duchesse du Gerolstein*. Great also was Mdlle. Schneider, whose name, by her excellent performances in both of these works, had become intimately associated with the music of the age.

As the fame of M. Offenbach increased, an opinion was diffused that London was in a humiliated condition. The two great lyrical works had been seen in every European capital, and the "Grand Duchess" had even found her way to New York, where, represented by Mdlle. Tostie, the *prima donna* of M. Offenbach's earlier works, she was received with great delight, talking as she did in her original language. In London, indeed, English imitations of the French *chefs d'œuvre* were produced, but these were so exceedingly unprovocative of mirth, or even of cheerfulness, that people who had gone through a course of the dreary pleasantry could only marvel to hear that what seemed singularly dull on this side of the Channel was considered especially droll on the other. Their faith in M. Offenbach would probably have broken down altogether had there not been travelled friends at hand to declare how much better things were managed in France, and how the tedious burlesques which bore the title of Offenbach's books were only base copies of a genuine article. London, indeed, was the sole capital at which Offenbach had not been represented properly, and on that account might be considered a degree lower in civilization than other towns. Nevertheless, while the intellectual darkness of London was comiserated, a compliment was paid to its moral susceptibility. The old nudges and chuckles were revived, and the conjecture was hazarded that perhaps, after all, the musical dramas that find favour at the Variétés might be a trifle too free for genuine Britons. That we were averse to the illicit *liaison* as an expedient for creating a serious interest was an hypothesis too well grounded to admit of suspicion, and it was a fair inference that we should be equally nice in the article of funny improprieties.

As the establishment of the Divorce Court fearfully shook the belief in the domestic virtues, previously deemed unsullied, of the middle classes, so has the summer season, now closing, terribly enlightened us to the fastidiousness of our "Upper Ten" in the matter of public amusements. So slightly is the illicit *liaison* repugnant to the London patrons of French drama, that *Nos Intimes*, the most risky piece on the list presented by M. Félix, afforded greater satisfaction than any other work, leaving the world to wonder why an embargo had been laid on *Paul Forestier*. The dramatic portion of his season being at an end, M. Félix fills up his term by engaging Mdlle. Schneider, and bringing out *La Grande Duchesse*, arousing admiration by the magnitude of his spirit and of his prices of admission. His success has been brilliant. Not only was his theatre crowded on the first night sacred to Offenbach, but the list of visitors published in the papers looked like a compressed edition of the Gotha Almanac, enriched with excerpts from the peerage. As for Mdlle. Schneider, she no sooner showed her face than she was received with an enthusiasm that could not have been exceeded had a welcome to a popular sovereign newly returned from exile been the business of the occasion.

That people should be amused at the performance of *La Grande Duchesse* at the St. James's Theatre is natural enough. A subject dreadfully intelligible to the meanest adult intellect is treated with much ingenuity by the play-writer; odd figures are exhibited to the public, comic situations are brought about without any restraint caused by considerations of probability, the whole is made a vehicle for music of a taking kind, and nearly every part is well-sustained—the celebrated actress, Mdlle. Schneider, having been declared by the voice of Europe to be pre-eminent in the character of the Duchess. The question is, whether this is the sort of work that ought to command a general outburst of aristocratic enthusiasm, in an age when an affectation of

indifference seems to be the order of the day; whether the state of the lyrical drama which arises when the theatre most approximates to the music-hall is that which ought above all others to arouse high society from its habitual torpor.

There is, in fact, no difference between the feeling addressed years ago by the musical pieces brought out at the Bouffes, and that to which the so-called operas of the Variétés now make appeal. People will not go so far as honest Sir John Brute in professing a love for such shocking things as sin and impudence, but that a certain satisfaction at "naughtiness" is a prevailing sentiment among modern audiences of every age and both sexes is not to be doubted. Had the book of *La Grande Duchesse* been of a purely innocent character, M. Offenbach might have worn out all the lungs and all the fiddle-strings in Christendom before his creations would have excited an iota more of enthusiasm than is produced by the ordinary entertainments in which music and extravagant drama are combined. But the story of the "Grand Duchess" is essentially naughty; the fair potentate herself is decidedly a naughty girl. She is naughty when, being a hereditary sovereign, she picks out of the ranks a strapping private, merely because, as Thackeray says of Tom Jones and his kind, he has large calves, and raises him to distinction, gloating all the while on his senseless face with the most searching expression of delight. She is naughtier still when she summons the dolt to a *tête-à-tête*, seats him on a low stool by her side, caresses him with her dainty hands, and, though she refrains from a verbal avowal of love, avows her passion by actions more expressive than words could possibly be. Indeed, whether she appears in public at the head of her army, or whether she makes one at a party of two in her boudoir, the Grand Duchess is the incarnation of every quality that distinguishes the damsel of ill-regulated mind. What is most extraordinary, the offences she commits, and at which "society" is disposed to applaud so heartily, are just of that sort of which the same "society" most violently disapproves. Many a man who would contemplate without much emotion the progress of an intrigue between a lax gentleman and a married lady would shrink with horror from any manifestation of a love affair between a high-born lady and a private soldier. Not only morality, but the feeling for caste which keeps so many *roués* in order, is offended, unless we regard *La Grande Duchesse* as no more than a comic pantomime, and deem the lady's offences against the laws of female propriety as unreal as those of the clown against the laws of *meum et tuum*.

In the fact that *La Grande Duchesse*, ably executed, is successful, there is nothing extraordinary. The sort of success that attends it is an evil sign of the times.

N. D.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CONCERT SYSTEM, &c.

(Concluded from page 485.)

In France the virtuoso merely occupies the position held by every other individual who contributes agreeably to our amusement, and it is a characteristic fact that none of our great virtuosos have settled in Paris. The truth is, their pretensions are not satisfied there, and authors, painters, and scholars are, even in the most fashionable society, valued more highly than the most celebrated virtuoso. In England, the musician has no social position at all. He is either very celebrated, and his services are secured and paid by the getters-up of concerts, or he is a teacher in high families, and thus placed in a position to give a concert in some lady's drawing-room, the names of all the other fashionable ladies who patronize, or, to adopt the English expression, honour him with their immediate patronage, figuring in the programme. The English respect, properly speaking, only a celebrated composer, whom they regard as a high-class producer, but they have little or no consideration for the virtuoso. Germany is the country in which the musician, especially if celebrated as an *executant*, is well received in all strata of society, being nearly the only person in whose case the differences of social rank almost disappear. Social organization in Germany, as far as the artist is concerned may be summed up as follows: the monarch rules; the aristocracy represent; the plutocracy make a great display; and the middle classes uphold the State. The monarch bestows on art favour and honour; the aristocracy patronize it; the plutocracy pay it; but it is among the middle classes that it lives. An artist may endeavour to obtain the favour of the monarch; he may assert his independence towards the aristocracy; mix with the plutocracy and make them pay him; but he belongs to the middle classes. This is an approximative idealistic position, but it is one successfully held by great German masters, such as Mendelssohn, Schumann (with his noble-minded wife), Joachim, Brahms, and many German musicians of less repute. Modern virtuosity, how-

[July 18, 1868.]

ever, as established upon *French* traditions, and as represented by the followers of Liszt, since his time, takes the opposite path. Most modern virtuosos either cringe to the aristocracy, or behave like young noblemen, heirs to vast estates, and able to boast of sixteen quarterings. They associate with the plutocracy as though they were receiving dividends at the bank every day; but the man of the middle classes, the snob with his narrow notions, they despise. We frequently hear from their lips exceedingly democratic sentiments, at the very time they are almost expiring for very humility at the court of some reigning prince. We are able to recollect a very great and celebrated musician's conducting the very bad opera of a royal composer, and receiving for so doing a high order; we involuntarily thought, at the time, of the answer made by Boileau, who in his day was decried as a courtier, to the King, Louis XIV., when the latter read him some verses he had addressed to a lady: "Sire," observed the poet, "you can do anything. You wanted to write bad verses, and you have been completely successful." We might adduce many proofs that most of the great virtuosos of our time preserve their independence less strictly than the great musicians in times of perfect absolutism. When any slight is shown to themselves personally, they are certainly very brave, but they do not defend art.

Let us now consider the position of a musician in relation to the German aristocracy. Apart from the advantages of birth, and the best education, on which points sufficient has been said, for and against, the aristocracy appear to the artist as that stratum of society most likely to entertain idealistic views. However perverted these may be, they are more consonant with his own feelings than that eudemonism founded upon pecuniary gain, which calculates the value of everything by what it will fetch. The musician's ambition, too, may be inflamed by the thought that he, as one of the nobility of the mind, may be more highly appreciated than others by the aristocracy of birth. But in these views, though based upon correct assumptions, and in this indulgence of ambition, lies the greatest danger. The artist, and more especially the musician, is far too prone to forget that he is a man of labour, and moreover of the most exclusive labour; far too prone to forget, in the moment of success, that music is simply a means of electric connection between him and persons of a superior rank. Just as electricity produces that inexplicable phenomenon by which heterogeneous bodies are momentarily united, though separated immediately the phenomenon ceases, the wonderful fluid of music forms an immensely attractive power between the executive musician and many persons at a distance from him. He must not, therefore, be astonished if these persons, whom he has found entranced and amiable after one of his performances, observe, at another moment, when they do not meet him as a musician, only the most superficial forms of politeness.—There is at work in the aristocracy that element peculiar to it, which Grillparzer once defined as the "half poetry so dangerous to the whole," and the effect of which is at one and the same time, magical, seductive, and—wearing. Many and many a man of eminent talents has, from his easily explicable love for aristocratic society, been placed in a state of antagonism to his artistic convictions, and not to be reconciled with them, those convictions which point to abnegation and contemplation. We must not, however, confound the aristocracy with the fashionable world as it is termed. The former is an order, a firmly connected whole; the latter is an amalgam, a sort of essence of the aristocracy, of diplomacy, of plutocracy, and of other ingredients, which possesses no principle of its own, and the great object of which is to get something out of every four-and-twenty hours; to amuse itself, no matter in what manner—to-day at a concert; to-morrow at a rout; the day after at an oratorio; and the day after that at a performance of *La belle Hélène*. Many poets and prose writers have written on this same fashionable society, and I will here quote the opinion of those who formed one from their own experience. Goethe says:

"Gute Gesellschaft hab' ich gesehen, man nennt sie die gute,
Wenn sie zum kleinsten Gedicht keine Gelegenheit gibt."

Byron observes:

"In the great world—which being interpreted,
Meanieth the west, or worst, end of a city,
And about twice two thousand people, bred
By no means to be very wise or witty."

Bulwer's opinion runs thus:

"The distinguishing mark of well-bred people is the composure with which they do everything: they eat with composure, drink with composure, quarrel with composure, and lose their wife with composure, while other persons make a noise at all things alike."^{*}

These quotations may, it is true, be set down as outbursts of ironical humour on the part of the above great poets; I will, therefore, cite some serious passages intended to be laudatory, from a book written by a man of fashion for the world of fashion. A Baron Mortemart-Boisse, Comte de Marle, in 1857 chamberlain of his Royal Highness, the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, published a book, *La Vie élégante des Gens du Monde* (Hachette, Paris). In it we read that Count d'Orsay, the model of fashion in his time, spent one pound nineteen a-day for gloves (I knew the Count after 1850, and then he could not well have afforded three shillings for the purpose); furthermore, the book contains an exceedingly detailed description of hunting costume, and of the correct manner of eating oysters; while, lastly, at page 248, in a eulogy of Paris, as the first city in the universe, are the remarkable words: "Schiller, with his naive and hyperbolical genius has said:

'Es giebt nur a Kaiserstadt,
Es giebt nur ein Wien'—

yet Paris will always, &c., &c." It is a significant fact that, when treating of fashionable life, the worthy Baron never once refers to music. I am almost inclined to take this as a compliment, or as an indirect hint to the musician that he had better not endeavour to belong to the world of fashion. Even should he hazard the attempt, he must make up his mind to be disregarded by the plutocracy, for they are decidedly a component part of the fashionable world. All the young sprigs of the nobility of the gold-bag, the barons of the price-current lists, the cotton lords, who patronize music, because it is an article of luxury, and because a party is kept together by music better than by anything else—all those people who flock to wherever the nobility is assembled, all such people belong to the fashionable world. The artist must learn to distinguish; he must not confound the plutocrats who would play the Mecenas with the rich merchant, who, after having been actively employed in business all day, seeks, in the evening, to derive from music excitement and recreation for himself and family—a man of this description belongs to the middle classes—but all those who have been pitch-forked upwards, the successful building speculators, who would now pass, like others, for political personages, the bold gamblers of the stock exchange, and even the half-learned, who, thanks to a rich marriage, have suddenly come into money, and (in the eyes of many) great artistic knowledge—such choice specimens of the immortal race of parvenus belong to the plutocracy, among whom they find a welcome and a justification. They will always find, too, men connected with art who pay them court, and towards whom they can give themselves the air of Mecenates.

But to speak accurately it cannot be said that they merely give themselves the air of Mecenates; they exhibit a real similarity to the celebrated friend of the Emperor Augustus, to the man whom Horace so often sang, and whose name has descended as an inheritance upon every patron of art even down to the present day. What Tacitus said about him in his *Annals* I will not quote, because the great Roman historian was a man who would have nothing to do with the fashionable world. Other and less severe judges, however, among the historians gave us a picture of him that exactly suits our present patrons of art. He possessed a profound knowledge of precious stones, and everything appertaining to dress; he was the first to introduce the ballet—and what a ballet—at Rome, but whether from love for the art of dancing or for the dancers, is a point that cannot be with certainty determined. He was one of the most competent authorities on the culinary art, and, according to Pliny, himself invented a peculiarly delicate dish. At his richly furnished table, all witty fellows, all amusing individuals, were welcome, but, *above all*, Bathyllus, the dancer, and Tigellius, the singer, the latter of whom played as great a part as any virtuoso of the present day. Horace describes him as a man who, at one

* As I have not a copy of Lord Lytton's works by me as I write, I do not give the above quotation as the *ipissima verba* in the original English; it is merely a rendering of Herr Ehrlich's German version of the latter.—J. V. BRIDGEMAN.

time, walked solemnly about, as though the prosperity of the universe were resting on his shoulders, and, at another, flew along the street, as if running from his enemies; who now had his mouth crammed with the names of potentates and tetrarchs, and then affected an air of modesty, being contented with a small can of Sabine wine in simple, unpretending company—a man whom the vagabond brotherhood of boon companions valued as an amiable man: *quippe benignus erat!*—Really this Tigellius was the very ideal of a modern singer at some Royal or ducal court! After Bathyllus, the dancer, and Tigellius, the singer, Horace and Virgil were, it is true, the favourites of Mæcænæs, who was fond of conversing with poets. He made the former a present of a small estate, which, according to Suetonius, was worth about a tithe of what he had thrown away on Tigellius and Bathyllus. Virgil, who had lost all his property in the war, he recommended to Augustus and the latter gave him, also, a small estate, for which the poet, in the *Bucolica*, praised him as a God: “*Deus mihi haec otia fecit.*” Another point of resemblance between the Roman Mæcænæs and the Mæcænætes of our own time deserving of especial notice is: that his intercourse with poets and scholars had no influence upon his own mental culture, and that in prose, as in verse, his style was either bombastic or trivial. Of a truth, the genuine artist can have no greater gratification than to hear certain people considered Mæcænætes.

But, Heaven be thanked, art is no longer compelled to appeal to this class. It has friends and admirers who work to advance its interest all the more profitably because they do so without ostentation. Many a man, of whom the fashionable world knows nothing, pours out his offerings with an open hand upon the altar of art—and many a man who belongs to art avoids talking of what he does. Tigellius and Bathylli are as well adapted for the Mæcænætes of the present day, as they were, nine hundred years ago, for the founders of the name. But the true musician is now-a-day a citizen of the world—and he certainly must expect less from individuals, if he would regard himself as belonging to all.

FROM COLOGNE.

The next novelty at our Sommer theater will be the *Grand Duchess of Gerolstein*, rappresented by the charming Fräulein Fischer from Vienna. Our Conservatoire is going to lose the Marchesi. After an absence of seven years, Madame de Marchesi has received the flattering invitation to resume her ancient position of first singing mistress at the Conservatoire of Vienna. Therefore she will leave Cologne on September next, and settle once more in the Austrian capital. Signor de Marchesi has accepted the position as professor for the superior singing classes for ladies and gentlemen at the Conservatoire of Cologne, but only until April 1869, when he will also go to Vienna. Mr. Ullmann has just descovered a new prominent musical Star in Vienna: a young and handsome Hungarian, possessing a splendid Soprano, and being highly gifted. This future musical celebrity has been confid to the tuition and care of Mme. de Marchesi in Cologne. On the occasion of the 80. years jubilee of the University of Bonn, which will take place on the third of august next, great Cantata for solos, chorus, Orchestro, and Organ, expressly composed by F. Hiller, will be executed in the Cathedral of the Said Town, under the direction of the Composer. The great *Fête*, which will last three days, promises to be very brilliant one. More than 600 Professors, and Doctors from the different Universities of Germany are invited, and the Prince of Prussia will preside at the meetings.—Yours faithfully,

SALVATORE SAVERIO BALDASSARE.

Cologne, the 11th July.

Shaber Silver across the Operas.

Sir,—Madame Rey-Balla, announced to appear on Monday night, at the Royal Italian Opera, for the first time, as Selika in *L'Africaine*, was prevented from doing so by indisposition. In place of *L'Africaine*, *Faust* was performed, with Signor Naudin in the part of the hero, and Mdlle. Vanzini in that of the heroine. The character of Mephistophiles was, as usual, represented by M. Petit.

The old system of benefits, supposed to be exploded, seems to be reviving at our Italian Opera-houses. Mdlle. Lucca went through the form of a benefit before deserting London for the more invigorating Interlachen. Mdlle. Patti, for whatever place she may be bound, will, I feel assured, take a benefit before wishing us farewell. The same custom prevails at Her Majesty's as at the Royal Italian Opera and

from Mr. Mapleson's, as from Mr. Gyo's establishment, no great singer is allowed to depart without making a formal adieu to the public. On Monday night it was Signor Mongini, in most respects the very first tenor of the day, who appealed specially to the audience of Her Majesty's Opera on his own merits. Naturally, there was a very full attendance, and Signor Mongini being in good voice (as he always is) and in good spirits, as in such an opera as *Il Trovatore*, it must be somewhat difficult invariably to be, the tenor part was in particular admirably sung. Let this, however, take nothing away from the glory of Mdlle. Tietjens, the incomparable Leonora of the opera, nor of Mr. Sandley, the unrivalled Count di Luna. I may add that the part of the Gipsy Azucena was filled most effectively and with wonderful spirit by Mdlle. Trebelli-Bettini, and that the whole performance went as well as a performance ought to go under the auspices and direction of so experienced and able a *chef d'orchestre* as Signor Arditi.

Shaber Silver.

[“If no more why so much?”—as Lord Grizel says to the ghost of King Arthur, in Harry Fielding's inimitable *Thumbe*. Mr. Silver should read Godwin's *Essay on Sepulchres*.—A. S. S.

To the Editor of THE MUSICAL WORLD.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—I send you by this post the programme of an excellent selection of music performed by the splendid band of the 62nd Regiment, and conducted by the talented veteran Mr. Carey, who is well known to several gentlemen connected with the *Musical World*. The grand march “Indienne,” the overture to *Zampa*, a fantasia entitled “Reminiscences of Meyerbeer,” and the *valse*, “Venus reigen,” by Gung'l, were the most attractive pieces, and indeed I may say, with justice, were played in first-rate style. This excellent band performed in the new orchestra erected on the Navigation Wall, and the promenade was attended by all the *élite* of Cork and the neighbourhood—and I am happy to tell you that Cork still keeps up its celebrity for beautiful girls. Cork is also celebrated for musical amateurs: amongst the most distinguished are—Miss Gibbons, daughter of Colonel Gibbons, Mrs. William Bennett, Mrs. Barrington, Miss Wheeler, the Misses Bolster; Mr. Atkins, Mr. Perry, Mr. Lindsay, &c. &c. The vocal compositions of Arditi, Ganz, A. Sullivan, and G. B. Allen are very popular, and I have heard some of the compositions of Mr. and Mrs. St. Leger charmingly sung by Mrs. William Bennett and Mrs. Barrington.

Au revoir, I'm off to Killarney.

IL FANATICO PER LA MUSICA.

Royal Hotel, Cork, July 14.

To the Editor of THE MUSICAL WORLD.

Sir,—I believe the Royal Academy of Music to have been most undeservedly abused, and its pupils insulted; therefore, it would be well if some of the gentlemen and ladies who have received their musical education therein would now come forward in its defence.

For my own part, I am ready to take a share in the battle by challenging any of the former or present pupils of any of the musical institutions in Europe, to a friendly contest in the branches of music I have made my particular study—that is, pianoforte playing and composition. There are many far more distinguished pupils, in the same branches, than myself, and I trust they will come forward and prove to the world that our national institution for music is at least equal to any similar institution on the Continent for producing *musici n.* Some of our enemies have been foolish enough to ask how it is we have never produced such men as Mozart, Mendelssohn, &c., &c.; a counter question will answer it—How many such men have the Continental Academies produced? And further: How many of their great men can the Continental countries boast of as having been educated at all in their Conservatoires? I think they will find that neither Mozart, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Handel, Rossini, &c., received their education in any of the institutions that have been so often named as examples for us.

I am anxious that this should not be taken as a boasting challenge, therefore, at present, I sign my name,

PIANO.

[“Piano” will suffice, the handwriting of the gentleman who assumes this *nom de guerre* being well known to A. S. S.]

NATIONAL SOCIETY'S TRAINING COLLEGE, BATTERSEA.—For the annual concert the music selected was Dr. Sterndale Bennett's *Woman of Samaria*, followed by some pleasing part-songs. The choir contained about one hundred voices, the soprano part being taken by the Chapel Royal boys, and picked boys from the local choirs. The beautiful quartet, “God is a Spirit,” was rendered with great delicacy and encored. The singing throughout was remarkably good and was warmly applauded. Professor Hullah conducted.

[July 18, 1868.]

L'histoire de Palmerin d'Olive filz du Roy FLORENDO de MACEDONE et de LA BELLE GRIANE, fille de Remiclus, Empereur de Constantinople, by Jean Marguin, dit le Petit Angenin. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for THIRTY-FIVE GUINEAS.

Enquire of DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 214, Regent Street, W.

DEATH.

Recently, at his residence, Villa des lac de Côme, Monza (three months after the death of his wife), Signor STIGELLI, the well-known tenor vocalist.

NOTICE.

The MUSICAL WORLD will henceforth be published on FRIDAY, in time for the evening mails. Country subscribers will therefore receive their copies on Saturday morning. In consequence of this change, it is highly requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday, otherwise they will be too late for insertion in the current number.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock P.M. on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1868.

THE ELECTRIC ORGAN.

A N application of electricity to organ mechanism has just been perfected, which amounts to a revolution in the construction of the royal instrument. It supplies the one thing required to overcome difficulties which have been vainly struggled against for years with much patient ingenuity. Henceforth, no such difficulties need exist, and what was the weakness of the organ may be made its strength.

To estimate the good accomplished it will be necessary to glance at the evil removed. Part of this is found in the obligation imposed on the organist of sitting close to the body of his instrument. The position involved several disadvantages, one of which must be familiar to every frequenter of our cathedral services. There is no greater drawback to the musical part of those services (except, perhaps, the perfunctory style in which they are usually performed), than the clashing between organist and choir, made inevitable by the separation of one from the other. Perched in a gallery far away from his voices, and deafened by the noise he himself makes, the cathedral organist has no chance of accommodating himself to the choir, or of estimating the effect of their united exertions. The result is raggedness, frequent errors of judgment, or sins against good taste, and much vexation of spirit all round. Another disadvantage of the ordinary position is that the performer can have but a very faint notion of the impression made by what he does. We hardly exaggerate in saying that an organist who has never heard his instrument played by other hands has never heard it at all. The reason is as obvious as that a man who only looks at a picture with his nose to the canvas cannot know much about its beauties. Many attempts have been made to remedy these defects. Cumbrous systems of trackers (always getting out of order) have been devised to separate the player from his instrument, and ingenious scientific apparatus has been used to lighten the touch thus necessarily made heavy. But the evil defied all attempts at removal till the very recent day when Mr. Barker (of pneumatic action fame), applied the electric spark. Now it matters not where the organist sits. In

point of fact he may put his key-board and pedal frame on wheels, splice on a sufficient length of cable, shift his battery, and have a fresh place every Sunday if it pleases him. Wherever he may be he has complete command over his instrument. From the other end of the church—or, for the matter of that, from the other end of the county—it yields docile and instant obedience to his slightest touch.

We need hardly say that the advantage thus gained secures other desirable results. The abominable "organ chambers," now so common, in which instruments, pleasant to see and hear, are boxed up till they can be heard but imperfectly, and scarcely seen at all, have not a shadow of excuse, now that the organist is independent of his organ's position. Effects are possible, also, that could not be thought of previously. One part of the instrument, for example, might be erected in the chancel and another at the opposite end of the building; or, it might be divided like the choir it leads, into *Decanus* and *Cantorus*, or a portion might be built high up in the roof—anywhere, in fact, according to the exigencies of the case. Again, in concert-halls the player will now be able to sit near and facing his conductor, thus rendering unnecessary the effort of gazing into a constantly bedimmed mirror. But one might go on for a long time without exhausting the improvements made possible by Mr. Barker's invention.

The foregoing remarks are suggested, legitimately enough, by the theory of the case. Granting that an organ can be played through a bundle of insulated wires, they follow as a matter of course. But, in this instance, what theory suggests practice has triumphantly proved. The electric organ is an accomplished fact, and a performer—shade of Jubal, that such a thing should be!—has discoursed sweet music upon it through five miles of wire. We hear that Mr. Barker has erected one of forty-two stops, in the Parisian church of St. Augustin, and another near Marseilles; while in London, as our readers know, the Messrs. Bryceon (who represent the patentees in this country), have built a third, for the use of Her Majesty's Opera. Of the first two we can say nothing, while, with regard to the last, it would be quite enough to state that it gives entire satisfaction to Mr. Pittman, the eminent organist at Drury Lane. A favourable verdict from such an authority is conclusive as to the merits of the invention.

Messrs. Bryceon's instrument is but the swell (with pedal) of a large one not yet completed. It has, consequently, only a single row of keys, placed at one side of the orchestra. The batteries are beneath the floor, where, also, the cable runs on its way to the organ, which is built in the "flies" on the O. P. side. This cable consists of as many insulated wires as there are notes in the registers. As soon as the key in connection with either of these is touched the electric current is complete, a magnet becomes excited, the corresponding pallet is opened, and the pipe speaks. We need not say that this series of operations is instantaneous, and it will readily be understood that the touch required is the lightest possible. With regard to the latter point we can conceive no greater luxury for an organist than to play upon an electric instrument after labouring at one of the ordinary kind. The keys move as easily under the fingers as a Broadwood grand, and the answer is as prompt. To what extent this enlarges the capacity of the instrument will at once be recognized. It revolutionizes organ playing nearly as much as Mr. Barker's invention revolutionizes organ building. But the foregoing is not all the mechanical advantage gained. Both the swell pedal and stops work by the same means and with the same ease, thus securing to the performer the maximum of comfort. In point of fact there is not a mechanical difficulty connected with the instrument that electricity does not at once set aside.

That so important and valuable an invention would find prompt

acceptance might have been anticipated. Already we hear of several organs—among them the fine instrument belonging to St. Peter's, Cornhill—being fitted with the necessary apparatus. How long will it be before every cathedral in the land will follow this example? We fear a good while; but, meantime, the less unwieldy and less conservative parish churches will do well to go on taking advantage of the most important reform ever known in the history of the “king of instruments.”



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday, the *Barbiere* (Patti and Mario).

On Monday, *Faust* (Mdle. Vanzini and Naudin)—in lieu of the *Africaine*, put off on account of the illness of Madame Rey-Balla.

On Tuesday, *Romeo e Giulietta* (Patti and Mario)—last time this season.

On Wednesday, *Rigoletto* (Vanzini and Chelli—his second appearance)—last time this season.

On Friday, *Un Ballo in Maschera* (Fricci, Vanzini, Graziani, and Fancelli—as the Duke)—in place of *La Sonnambula*, Mdle. Patti being indisposed.

To-night, *La Figlia del Reggimento* (Patti)—last time this season.



HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday, *Faust* (Nilsson and Firensi).

On Monday, *Il Trovatore* (Tietjens, Mongini, Santley, Trebelli), for the benefit of Signor Mongini—first time.

On Tuesday, *Lucia* (Nilsson).

On Wednesday (Mr. Mapleson's benefit at the Crystal Palace), a grand concert and *Le Nozze di Figaro* (Tietjens, Kellogg, Trebelli, Santley, Gassier, &c.)

On Thursday, *Don Giovanni* (Tietjens, Nilsson, Kellogg, Santley, Fiorini, Bettini, &c.)

To-night, *Il Flauto Magico*—first time.



CONCERTS VARIOUS.

A *soirée musicale* was given at Addison College, Ladbroke Gardens, Kensington Park, W., on Tuesday evening, by the young lady pupils, which was attended with the greatest success. The first part consisted of Professor Bennett's *May Queen*, the solos in which were sung by Miss Jackman, Miss Nicolas, Messrs. Tietjens, Gregory Smith, and Mr. May, the choruses being taken by the students of the college, with the assistance of gentlemen amateurs. At the close the applause was deservedly loud and hearty. The second part was miscellaneous. Mr. Gregory Smith sang a new song of his own with effect. Ait's part-song, “Gipsies we,” and Brinley Richards' “So merrily over,” with Rossini's “Il Carnaval” (encored), well merited the applause they received. Miss Higginbottom, in a pianoforte solo by Vincent Wallace, was loudly applauded, as were also Miss Younghusband and Miss C. Douglas. The Misses Needham, L. Douglas, and Jackman were received with equal favour. Miss Lewis, the lady principal of the college, has reason to be proud of the evening's success. Mr. Westaway Force, Mr. E. Prout, B.A., and Herr Lehmyer were the conductors.

Mdle. LEONORA TOURIER gave her first *soirée musicale* at the Beethoven Rooms, on Thursday week, to a crowded audience. Mdle. L. Tourier has a fine voice, which she displayed to advantage in Coenen's “Lovely Spring,” an air with variations by Proch, and the popular duet, “I'm an Alsatian.” Miss Goodall, a rising singer, gave Bevignani's “To him I gave my heart,” effectively; and Madame Amelia May Rolt, Hatton's “Sing, pretty Bird.” Mr. Wallace Wells gave “The Bay of Biscay” with much spirit; and Mdle. Mela and Signor Bellini sang one or two Italian vocal pieces acceptably. Mr. W. Ganz played his own “Qui Vive Galop,” as well as transcription of his “Nightingale Trill,” and Herr Oberthür his “Souverain de Londres,” and (with Mr. Bambridge) his duo for harp and pianoforte on airs from *Lucrezia Borgia*. Mdle. Lieb contributed two violin solos, which were well received; as was also Signor Calderazzi's solo on the “melodium à coup harmonique.” Mr. Bambridge was the conductor.—B. B.

HERR AND MADAME SAUERBREY gave their annual evening concert on the 26th ult., at the Beethoven Rooms, with much success. Beethoven's sonata in E flat (Op. 12) for pianoforte and violin was well played by Herr Sauerbrey and Signor Bisegari, both executants being

heard to much advantage. Madame Sauerbrey in “Voi che sapete,” “O la sull' onda,” “Das Fischermädchen,” and in some concerted vocal pieces, gave much pleasure to the audience. Miss Marian Rock, a pupil of Herr Sauerbrey, played some pianoforte solos clearly and brilliantly, more especially Weber's “Il moto continuo,” which was loudly applauded. Mdle. Clara Doria gained an encore for the grand aria from *Anna Bolena*. Mr. Vernon Righy received a similar favour in Benedict's “Nulla da te,” and Mdle. Liebhart in “Little bird, so sweetly singing,” was loudly applauded, as was Mdle. Theresa Liebé in her violin solo. Mdle. Sandrina, Miss Marie Boutall, and Mr. Lewis Thayer also contributed to the success of the concert. Messrs. Allan, Lehmyer, and Herr Sauerbrey were accompanists.—B. B.

Mdle. ANNETTA ZULIANI gave a concert on Monday evening, which was fully attended. She sang (with Signor Caravoglio) the duet “Dunque io son,” Meyerbeer's “Robert o tu,” a new ballad by E. L. Hime, “Come to me over the Sea” (composed expressly for her), and (with Mdle. Mela and Signor Caravoglio) the *terzetto* from *I Lombardi*, in all of which she gave much satisfaction. The concert-giver was assisted by Fraulein Augusta Melhorn, who sang Rossini's “Sombre Forêts,” and Ganz's “Nightingale Trill,” and Mr. Chaplin Henry, who was heard to advantage in “The Millwheel.” Mr. W. Ganz played one of his brilliant pianoforte solos, as also did Signor Tito Mattei; and Aptomas, in a harp solo by Parish Alvares, and his own arrangement of Irish melodies, made a great impression. In addition to the foregoing, Mdle. Mela and Signor Caravoglio sang several popular pieces. Messrs. Ganz, Pilotti, and Mela were the conductors.—B. B.

SIGNOR RISEGARI, the well-known violinist, gave a concert on Monday evening, which was well attended. Signor Risegari, in conjunction with Signor Tito Mattei and M. Albert, played Mendelssohn's D minor trio in excellent style; he also introduced a solo by Vieuxtemps, and an *élégie* by Bazzini, in all of which he displayed genuine talent. A Mdle. Marvaldi made her first appearance, and sang one or two airs remarkably well. The Mdles. Clara and Rosamunde Doria gave a duet by Weber, and the latter was encored in her own new and charming little song, “I Dream of Spring.” Mr. Lewis Thomas sang Mozart's “Qui sdegno,” with his usual effect; and Mdle. Mela, in Mattei's “Non è ver,” Mdle. Florence Lancia in an aria by Meyerbeer, as well as Mdle. Clara Doria and Miss Fanny Holland in other solos, were rewarded with much applause. Herr Fittig was encored in a zither solo, and Signori Tito Mattei and Bevignani played a brilliant duet by the latter on a tarantella. Signori Li Calsi and Bevignani were the conductors.—B. B.

MISS KATHLEEN RYAN, a young pianist of high promise, gave her first concert at St. George's Hall on Friday evening. The programme was an excellent one, and of very liberal dimensions—almost too liberal, indeed, for an entertainment taking place at night. The public, however, seldom feels that it has too much of a good thing, and on this occasion commanded encores and recalls quite as profusely as if the arrangements had erred on the side of brevity, and there was a danger that the end might arrive too soon. Miss Ryan received the most hearty co-operation and support throughout the evening from a large number of popular vocal and instrumental artists, whose names were as follows:—Mdmes. Trebelli-Bettini and Florence Lancia; Mdles. Clara Louise Kellogg, Sinico, Leibhart, Rose Hersee, Shinkwin, and Dorovani; Messrs. Gardoni, Bettini, Reichardt, Foli, Santley, and Mongini—all vocalists; Frederick Chatterton, harpist; and Herr Ludwig Strauss, violinist. A select detachment from Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir was also in attendance, and, under the guidance of Mr. J. G. Calcott, supplied some admirable part-singing. Miss Kathleen Ryan's most ambitious effort was the *Andante con variazioni* by Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata, in connection with which she displayed the valuable qualities of a very delicate touch, strict attention to time, and an expressive power highly praiseworthy in so young a pianist. The violin portion of the work was sustained by Herr Straus—whose name is a guarantee for every excellence—and both artists were much applauded at the conclusion of the movement. Miss Ryan's solo pieces were Handel's “Harmonious Blacksmith,” a “Schlummerlied” by Schumann, Heller's “Die Forelle,” Weber's “La Gaité,” and Ascher's transcription of “Alice, where art thou?” The last-named piece was given by general desire, and obtained a unanimous recall for the clever executant. Mdle. Kellogg sang the new vocal waltz, by Arditi, which bears her own name, and the old ditty, “I know a Maiden,” to her own accompaniment (the last encored). Madame Trebelli gave an aria by Verdi magnificently, and substituted “Il Segreto” as an encore. Mr. Santley excited the usual *furore* by “O ruddier than the cherry,” and on being recalled a second time, gave Arditi's “Stirrup Cup,” and Mdle. Sinico sang “Qui la voce.” Mr. Foli's song, “The Diver,” Signor Mongini's “Barcarole” (from *Masaniello*), and Signor Gardoni's “Chemin du Paradis” (by Blumenthal), all created a remarkable impression. The conductors were Messrs. Benedict, Arditi, Pilotti, Raimo, Frank Mori, Allen, and Carter.—*Morning Star*.

PROVINCIAL.

MALVERN WEST.—On Saturday week a new organ was opened at the church here. A choral service took place on the occasion, and the sermon was preached by the Lord Bishop of Worcester. The church was specially decorated at either end with flowers and religious mottoes. The organ, which has two complete sets of manuals and separate pedal organ, was built by Mr. Nicholson, of Worcester. The following is a specification of it:—

| GREAT ORGAN.—CC to F, 54 Notes. | | |
|--------------------------------------|------------|------------|
| | Fl. Pipes, | Fl. Pipes. |
| 1. Open Diapason, metal | 8 | 64 |
| 2. Dulciana Tenor, C, metal | 8 | 42 |
| 3. St p Diapason, Bass, wood | 8 | 54 |
| 4. Stop Diapason, Treble, wood | 8 | 54 |

| SWELL ORGAN.—Tenor C to F, 42 Notes. | | |
|--------------------------------------|------------|------------|
| | Fl. Pipes, | Fl. Pipes. |
| 1. Bell Diapason, metal | 8 | 42 |
| 2. Stop Diapason, wood | 8 | 42 |
| 3. Principal, metal | 4 | 42 |

| PEDAL ORGAN.—CCC to F, 31 Notes. | | |
|----------------------------------|--|-------|
| | | 16 30 |
| 1. Bourdon, wood..... | | |

COUPLES.

1. Swell to Great. | 2. Swell to Pedals.
Two octaves and a half of German pedals (radiating).
Three Composition Pedals to Great Organ.

The instrument is regarded as a decided success, and most happily adapted to the size and acoustic qualities of the building. The first choral service executed by the choir was not expected to be perfect. There was, however, sufficient evidence of ability amongst the singers to give promise of considerable proficiency hereafter. Mr. Cheese of Amersham, Bucks, who happened to be on a visit, kindly gave his valuable assistance as organist, and handled the instrument in a masterly style.—The Bishop selected as his text 1 John iv. 24. The collection for the organ fund amounted to £16 10s. 7d.

MALVERN.—The annual festival of the Associated Choirs was held on Thursday week in the Priory Church. The sermon was preached by the Rev. A. Faber, M.A., head master of the college, and the dinner was held in the concert room at one o'clock. The affair came off rather suddenly, and it would have been better for the committee to have given a little more notice of it, especially as they wished to get a large attendance.

OXFORD.—An exercise for the degree of Mus. Doc., composed by Mr. James C. Marks, Mus. Bac., of Magdalen Hall, was performed in the Sheldonian Theatre a few days since. The exercise is a work of great merit, and was very ably performed. The solos were allotted to members of the New College Choir, Mr. Smith taking the alto parts, Mr. Allman the tenor, and Mr. Ramsbottom the bass. Mr. Heneker acted as leader of the band, and the talented composer of the exercise, who is, we understand, organist of Corfe Cathedral, presided at the harmonium and conducted the performance, which was much applauded. The Vice-Chancellor occupied the official chair, and Dr. Corfe and the Senior Proctor were also present. Considering that we are now in the Long Vacation, the attendance in the theatre was very large.

—o—

Three Meetings.

(By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman.")

On the happy meeting from over the sea;
When I love my friend, and my friend loves me:
And we stand face to face, and for letters read
There are endless words to be heard and said,
With a glance between shy, anxious, hifl strange,
As if asking, "Say, now, is there aught of change?"
Till we both settle down as we used to be—
Since I love my friend, and my friend loves me.

Oh! the blissful meeting of lovers true,
Against whom Fate has done all that Fate could do,
And then dropped, conquered—while over those slain,
Dead years of anguish, parting, and pain,
Hi-pe lifts her banner, gay, gallant, and fair,
Untainted, untorn, in the balmy air:
And the heaven of the future, golden and bright,
Arches above them—God guards the right!

But oh for the meeting to come one day,
When the spirit slips out of its house of clay;
When the standers-by, with a pitying sign,
Shall cover softly this face of mine,
And I leap—whither, ah! who can know?
But onward, onward, as spirits must go,
Until, eye to eye, without fear, I see
God, and my lost, as they see me.

—Macmillan's Magazine.

REVIEWS.

The Cloister. Meditation for the pianoforte. By SYDNEY SMITH. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

Mr. SMITH here shows himself in a quieter and more tender mood than usual. "The Cloister" proves, if proof were needed, that the popular writer of drawing-room music can be as gracefully sentimental as pleasantly vivacious. It is not at all difficult.

Orphée aux Enfers. Deuxième Fantaisie sur l'opérette de J. Offenbach, pour piano, par SYDNEY SMITH. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

The lovers of Offenbach's music, that is to say people of high and low degree (more's the pity), will gladly welcome this fantasia. It contains several of the more favourite numbers from the opera, arranged with clearness, simplicity, and effect.

Sleigh Bells. A Canadian Reminiscence, for the pianoforte. By SYDNEY SMITH. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

A CAPITAL piece of its kind: characteristic, lively, and pleasing. It deserves to be as successful as any of Mr. Smith's compositions.

A Dream of Enchantment. Nocturne for the pianoforte. By E. L. HIME. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

A GRACEFUL theme, surrounded with showy adornments, likely to be a favourite with those who like a mingling of grace and show.

Vive la Joie. Mazurka caprice pour piano, par EDOUARD SAUERBREY. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

A LIVELY and well-constructed trifle, above the average of its kind.

Exeter Hall. A Sunday Evening Monthly Magazine of Sacred Music. No. 6. Vol. 2. [London: Metzler & Co.]

This number for the present month opens with a recitative and air, "Joy cometh in the morning," by J. Hullah, which calls for no compliment. A "Meditation for Piano," written by Henry Parker, and called "The Sabbath Eve," follows. It contains a pleasing, if not very original melody. Passing over a commonplace hymn tune, by J. W. Elliott, we have only to say of a sacred song, by W. F. Taylor, that it by no means eclipses the composer's Christy Minstrel ballads. Altogether the number is hardly equal to its predecessors in point of merit, a position from which even an arrangement of the prayer from *Moise*, by Herr L. Engel does not redeem it.

A Sister's Love. Ballad. By CHARLES GOUNOD. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

A GRACEFUL and pleasant trifle from the pen of the accomplished author of *Faust*, which will be popular everywhere. It is adapted either for tenor or soprano voices.

Memories. Song. Verses by J. C. HARMAN, Esq.; music by GORDON SAUNDERS. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

An easy and graceful ballad—music and words being above the average.

Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house. Full Anthem for Four Voices. Composed by BERTHOLD TOURS. [London: Novello, Ewer, & Co.]

This is an anthem worth notice. In construction both of melody and harmony it shows the hand of a musician. We have nothing for it but hearty commendation.

MR. MAPLESON'S benefit at the Crystal Palace on Wednesday (afternoon and evening) was a most brilliant affair. It began with a concert, conducted by Signor Ardit, in which all the principal singers of Her Majesty's Opera took part, and ended (we don't speak of fireworks, &c.) with a performance of *Le Nozze di Figaro*, with the usual "cast," allowing for one exception—the substitut on of Madame Trebelli-Bettini, for Mdlle. Nilsson, in the part of Cherubino. Further particulars in our next.

A CONCERT BY BLIND BOYS.—At the first annual speech day of the Worcester College for the blind sons of gentlemen, a selection of music was performed by the pupils, in a style which reflected the highest credit on their instructors, Messrs. Done and Hughes. We subjoin the programme, several items in which prove that the teachers are men who appreciate the classical style, and that the pupils must be of at least equal intelligence with those who "have eyes":—Duet, pianoforte, overture to *Egmont*, Beethoven; solos, pianoforte, "Nightingale Quadrilles," Lemoin; solo, pianoforte, *Lieder ohne Worte*, Book 1, No. 1, Mendelssohn; solo, pianoforte, Sonata in E flat, Op. 11, Clementi; solo, pianoforte, Sonata in F, Op. 12, Mozart; part-song, "The Hardy Norseman," Pearsall; concerto, pianoforte, "Consolation," in B flat, Dussek. It would be difficult to find an ordinary grammar school, which could provide a similar entertainment.—*The Choir*.

PESTH.—Herr A. von Adelburg's opera *Zrinyi*, lately produced with marked success, continues to increase in public favour. The local critics are unanimous in their praise of it.

"DIE MEISTERSINGER VON NÜRNBERG."*

(Concluded from page 489.)

The libretto of *Die Meistersinger* is rich in situations; the musician was doubtless satisfied with the poet, but the inexorable critic has some very grave objections to make in the name of logic and probability. At what period did that wonderful person live, that inhabitant of Nuremberg, that thorough-bred burgher, who put his daughter up to competition, instead of simply giving her to the man she loved, and whom he himself would have liked for a son-in-law? But, on the other hand, had Pogner behaved thus reasonably, there would have been no *Meistersinger*, and we should, no doubt, have had to wait a long time before knowing how Wagner represented fun. The second act, which plays entirely in the street where Pogner and Hans Sachs reside, is filled up with scenes of which the utility may be strongly questioned. If it had been relieved of these incumbrances, and if the author could have included in it some of the superfluous matter in the third act, which is far from being deficient in interest, but which lasts nearly two hours, a healthy equilibrium would have been established, and the public would have been spared an amount of physical fatigue which cannot fail to exert some influence upon their impressions.

Wagner's comicality is neither the *marivaude* of most of our comic operas, nor the absurd farcical stuff which has usurped the name of buffo opera; it is the high class gaiety of Shakespeare and Molière, without the coarse expressions. The scene in which Beckmesser receives striking marks of the indignation felt by the citizens who have been disturbed in their sleep, excited, at the performance, Homeric laughter. But, during all the noise, where can have been the watchman, who appears, half asleep, at the end of the act, when perfect order has been restored, simply to drawl out his monotonous cry? The fourth scene of the second act, between Hans Sachs and Eva, is treated with considerable delicacy, though it is too long. As for Walther whom the author has charged with expounding his own ideas upon the renovation of art, he would never think of joking; he is enthusiastic, full of passion, sometimes grave, and never quitting the Lydian Mode.

The musical plan followed by Wagner in his new work differs a little from that pursued in *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, and *Tristan*, but not so much as the title of comic opera would have us to believe. There is no characteristic phrase announcing each personage; there are some passages with a bold frank rhythm, and some perfect cadences, though these latter are, it is true, very rare, but there is everywhere about the same amount of "endless melody," without any palpable form; harmony as little natural as possible, and which frequently defies analysis; periods without any termination, an entanglement of the various parts resembling counterpoint caricatured—and then, suddenly, in the midst of all this chaos, a charmingly clear passage or so, or a powerful idea grandly expressed.

In all this we search in vain for an opportunity of exercising that faculty of comprehension, which, according to Wagner himself, ought to be one of the principal conditions of the Beautiful in a dramatic work; as to the quality most nearly related to it, namely simplicity, it is entirely out of the question—the adepts of the new school would laugh in our very faces at the idea of such a thing—as is also unity, removed, as they are at the present day from the pedestal on which Winkelmann placed them. It is upon other bases, more solid without doubt, that the new system of aesthetics is established. It happens, however, that exactly the very passages in which the Beautiful bursts forth in Wagner's work, are those where, escaping from the restraint he has imposed upon himself, he condescends to remain within reach of those simple persons who have learnt to feel in the school of Beethoven and of Weber; for instance, the finales of the first and third acts of *Lohengrin*, the marriage march, the air of *Lohengrin* on his departure, many passages in *Tannhäuser*, &c. If the avowed object of the innovators is to democratise art, will they not attain that object more easily by the above pieces, to which Wagner perhaps attaches only trifling importance, than by the vague echoes of the "melody of the forest?" The master's disciples will certainly reply, like Liszt, that one must be specially gifted to appreciate beauties of this description—and that they are so gifted. To this there is no answer, without continually turning in a circle.

The prelude to *Die Meistersinger* is more developed than, but very inferior to, that of *Lohengrin*. It is built upon the motive sung by Pogner in the first act, where he declares his intention of giving his daughter to the victor in the tourney: "Ein Meistersinger muss es sein," taken up again by Walther, in the fifth scene of the second act, and on the march which accompanies the entrance of the master-singers. The scene of the meeting in the church and Walther's song in the first act, the scene between Hans Sachs and Eva, the serenade, in which Beckmesser, strumming on his lute, despatches his sighs and amorous hiccoughs to Eva's maid, disguised in her mistress's garments, and the *finale* to the second act; Walther's dream, which he will repeat subsequently at the public meeting, in the second tableau of the third act; the waltz movement towards the beginning of the last *finale*, and the entire scene of the competition, may be cited as the principal pages of the score. The two melodies sung by Walther, at each of his ordeals before the master-singers, are charming, and atone for very many errors in taste.

I shall have doubtless to modify my first impression, for it is impossible for any one to decide at once on the bearing of a work by Wagner. From my present views, however, hasty as they are, I arrive at the conviction that comic opera, has nothing to gain from being transported to this ground, if its name and character are to be preserved, unless we would end in a hybrid production in which all styles shall be united, as perhaps we may do at no distant period.

At present I will make a few observations on the performance. It was on Sunday, the 21st June, that *Die Meistersinger*, so impatiently expected, was given for the first time at the Theatre Royal, Munich. The public, very reserved at first, rose gradually to the pitch of enthusiasm; Wagner, seated by the side of his royal friend, Louis II., was called forward several times. The performance lasted no less than five hours, and, if Wagner had not avoided those tiring repetitions of the words, which stop the action even in our best operas, who can say at what awful hour for German habits, Hans Sachs would have finished his politico-artistic tirade, which was so little expected? The concerted pieces, thanks to this precaution, are comparatively short. It is scarcely necessary to say that there is no spoken dialogue.—The labour of studying the work, long and carefully directed by a great musician, Hans von Bülow, devoted to Wagner body and soul, resulted in a magnificent execution of it. Nachbaur (Walther), Betz (Hans Sachs), Bausewein (Pogner), Schlosser (David), Hözl (Beckmesser), Mesdames Mallinger (Eva), and Diez (Madeleine), the chorus, and the orchestra, were admirable, and it is no small merit to sing appropriately music so overcharged and so twisted about, where both mind and ear are continually seeking some point of support so as not to be out of tune. Hans von Bülow, erect in the middle of the orchestra, conducted without scarcely casting his eyes upon the score, which was open before him; he knows the enormous volume, *ruditus indigestaque moles*, by heart.

Prodigies have been effected in the way of the *mise-en-scène*. In the second act, the wings were done away with to make room, not for flats or "tormentors," but for real houses of the Middle Ages. The King had given his *protégé* unlimited credit; during several months the receipts of the theatre were allowed to suffer in order that the artists might attend exclusively to the daily and interminable rehearsals of *Die Meistersinger*, of which only three performances are to be given; the expense is reckoned at fifty thousand florins. Whatever opinion we may hold of the worth and future of Wagnerian ideas, it is consoling to think that a sovereign should have done so much for Art, which certainly will not repay him pecuniarily.

CHARLES BANELLIER.

BRESLAU.—The members of the Singacademie gave a special performance, under the direction of Herr Zul. Schäffer, their conductor, on the 2nd inst., to celebrate the forty-third anniversary of the institution. Among the pieces included in the programme were the motet *a capella*, "Sicut cervus," Palestina; the "Misericordias Domini," Mozart, and the "Kyrie," "Gloria," "Sanctus," "Benedictus," and "Agnus," from Beethoven's C major mass.

INNSBRUCK.—A performance of Beethoven's C major mass, and Handel's *Samson*, will shortly be given to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the Musikverein.

* From *La Revue et Gazette Musicale*.

[July 18, 1868.]

WAIFS.

From the most recent letter addressed to the *Ménestrel* by its witty and intelligent correspondent, "De Retz" (July 12), we extract the following:—

"Mais cherchons des impressions plus consolantes.—Une artiste,—sincèrement dévouée à son art, celle-là, avec un talent qu'elle honore et un succès dont elle peut à bon droit s'enorgueillir,—vient de terminer une des tâches les plus délicates que jusqu'ici ont été osé entreprendre. Je veux parler de Madame Arabella Goddard et de ses trois matinées entièrement consacrées à Mendelssohn. On sait que le célèbre pianiste professeur pour le génie de ce maître un culte qui semblerait exclusif tout d'abord, car rien que dans ces trois séances, elle a exécuté, à elle seule, les quarante-huit romances *sans paroles*, les six *préludes et études*, enfin les deux *sonates* récemment ajoutées aux publications posthumes. Aussi ces *Mendelssohn-recitals* ont-ils été, pour les vrais amateurs, l'événement important de la saison. Madame Arabella Goddard, dit le *Morning Post*, vient d'ajouter une nouvelle couronne à ses nombreuses lauriers dans une carrière signalée d'un bout à l'autre par un véritable amour de l'art et un dévouement enthousiaste à ses progrès."

L'Événement Illustré says that Mdlle. Nilsson is to be married to a very rich English colonel. Why not a very poor French corporal for the sake of extra romance?

M. Alphonse Roger is preparing for the press a new work, called, *L'Histoire Universelle du Théâtre*, which is to be published simultaneously in French, English, and German.

Hungary has at length consented to be bound by the International Literary and Artistic Treaty between France and Austria, against which the Hun piratical publishers had for some time emphatically protested.

The commission of the French Corps Legislatif in its report in the Budget, has proposed that the annual subvention of 100,000 francs for some years enjoyed by the Théâtre Lyrique of Paris, be suppressed. This is enough to frighten any candidate for the place but recently vacated by M. Carvalho. Surely more creditable means of economy might be suggested.

The company of the Théâtre Français is about to make a second artistic peregrination to the "departments." The first was in 1808, when, after the Peace, Napoleon entertained crowned heads and princes at Erfurt.

M. Thiron, the popular actor, is about to leave the Variétés for the Théâtre Français.

M. T. M. Mudie has returned to Twickenham meadows, when it is hoped that the familiar surrounding objects may bring back to his imagination some phrases of his not long since contemplated, but almost immediately abandoned, symphony. The doctors have advised Mr. A. S. Sullivan to accompany him.

The *Morning Star* informs us that Mdlle. Adelina Patti is to be married to the Marquis de Caix on the first of next month. From other sources we learn that the wedding is fixed for the 28th inst. From yet other sources we can gather no information. Nevertheless, it is untrue, what a French journal, *La Comédie*, states, that Mdlle. Christine Nilsson is to be married to a rich English colonel. Even the converse would be inexact. Mdlle. Nilsson is not going to marry a poor French corporal.

Mr. Jules Benedict has composed a new ballad (words by Mr. W. Guernsey) for Miss Edith Wynne, which she will sing during the farewell tour of Madame Sainton-Dolby. A more elegant trifle has rarely appeared even from the pen of this gifted composer.

Mr. John Barnett, composer of *The Mountain Syiph*, has just completed a set of part songs. Anything from his pen will always be welcome to the lovers of true music. We trust these part-songs are the fore-runners of many other good things.

The choir of St. George's Cathedral, Southwark, is rehearsing Schubert's mass in E flat, under the able direction of Mr. Josiah Pitman. When it is performed may we be there to hear.

HORACE MAYHEW'S LAST LASTS.—No. 1.—"A Mr. Stringfellow has been exhibiting a flying machine at the Crystal Palace. That is, his machine won't exactly fly, but it will move along a wire. The inventor ought to be called Mr. Wirefellow.—[*A wire-drawn notion*.—A. S. S.] No. 2.—"The Shaksperian title for Sir Richard Mayne should be Dog-kury."—[*A July order*.—A. S. S.] No. 3.—"The man who has a turn for music is an organ-grinder!"—[*Good*.—A. S. S.] No. 4.—"Some people object to Mr. Burnand's parodying Messrs. Reade and Boucicault's Holborn drama. Everybody must admit that foul play is fair game."—[*Undeniable*.—A. S. S.]

In a very interesting general article on "the Season," which appeared in the *Express* of July 14, occurs the following passage:—

"Turning from the opera to another form of fashionable musical entertainment, we believe there have never been more concert-givers or more concerts than this year. This is a fearful and wonderful fact; explain it and rejoice in it who can. There may be some advantage to the common weal in this

concentration of *virtuosi* every afternoon, and there is at all events the satisfaction of not being obliged to hear them. Where do the concert-going public come from? Who are they, so brilliant in their attire and so bored and sleepy in their looks? Well, there are pupils of the virtuoso, and their friends; there are the religious world who draw the line at concerts; there are the people from the country who like a good indigestion of musical celebrities once a year, and go wherever they can get the most for their ticket. And after all it is difficult to suppose that many of these incessant and distracting performances of the musical season—we speak of the miscellaneous concerts—can be profitable to any one concerned in them, the giver, or the performers—except indirectly in keeping up a connection, or making one.

"There is one class of concerts, however, of a very different order; we mean the 'Recitals' of Madame Arabella Goddard and Mr. Charles Hallé. These are really the gems of the musical season, exquisitely satisfying to the most refined taste and feeling, and to young people who are studying the instrument worth a hundred lessons from the most expensive master. The number of ladies who may be seen intent on these rare and perfect performances, and sitting with the score in hand, while Madame Goddard is playing—as very few can play—one of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, with all the simple grace and distinction of a lady in her own drawing-room, seem to justify even better than the thousands who crowd to a Handel Festival, the boast that true musical feeling and attainments are spreading in this country. In estimating the just success of a Handel Festival we must take into account the vast scale of the programme, the attractions of the scene itself, and the interest which oratorio music possesses for the vast religious and respectable public. It is rather to the selector audiences of the Monday Popular Concerts, &c., that we look for evidence of a public who really go to hear good music, and know how to enjoy it."

The *Athenaeum* of July 11th, in an article on the last Philharmonic Concert, speaks of Herr Lübeck's performance of Mendelssohn's second concerto as subjoined:—"Herr Lübeck must surely have been prostrated either by nervousness or by indisposition; else he never could have made so many slips in Mendelssohn's D minor concerto; perhaps he may have been distressed by the presence of Royal listeners. *N'en déplaise à leurs Altesses*, they do not contribute to the musical advantage of the subscribers. It says little for our good manners that we cannot let the heir-apparent go to a concert without throwing the National Anthem at him, and still less for our self-respect that we must stand upon the benches to catch a glimpse of the back of his head."

A POET'S INDIGNATION.

DEAR PUNCH.—You have been down upon me a good many times, but I know you love justice, and I confidently ask your aid. Sir, it has been reported that I am the author of the words of the song sung (and excellently, I hear, by Mr. Cummings) at the Crystal Palace on the day the Duke of Edinburgh was there. Sir, *Mr. Punch*, it is not true. I had nothing to do with it. I allow, Sir, that the style of the so-called poet is based upon mine, and that the mistake is not unnatural. But when you come to look at the verses that were sung, you will see that I, the Poet Close, could never have written such nonsense. Look here, Sir.—

"Of Nelson, Hood, and Collingwood,
Our grandfathers used to sing;
Our fathers had a toast as good,
They gave 'the Sailor King!',
Now royal Alfred treads the deck,
His courage to evince;
He braves the storm, nor fears the wreck;
God bless our Sailor Prince!"

Treads the deck to evince his courage! *Mr. Punch*, would I thus libel my Prince? He treads the deck for no such unseamanlike and idiotic purpose. He treads the deck because it is his duty to do so, and at the right time goes below for the same reason. But worse stuff follows—

"Young, brave and true, he wears the blue
His courage to evince,
The pride, 'the darling of his crew';
God bless our Sailor Prince!"

Wears the blue to evince his courage! One would think that it was a proscribed colour, and that like wearing of the green in Ireland, the feat was one of danger. Isn't it sad that thousands of folk should have to hear such bosh? But there is worse still—

"When o'er the land a dash of pain,
Shot through th' electric wire,
That England's darling son was slain,
High rose the people's ire;
Now let him know, *the coward blow*
Our fealty doth evince,
And blend our prayers, that God who spares,
May save our Sailor Prince."

What does the so-called Poet mean by saying that a dash of pain shot through the electric wire? Did it hurt the wire? And how does the coward blow (which wasn't a blow) evince our fealty? The fact is, Sir, that the barren-brained bard wanted to rhyme to Prince, and could think of no rhyme

but evince. I, Sir, could have given him many rhymes, much better; as—
“Our noble Prince did never wince, but ever since, when eating mince, has
wished for quince, his mouth to rinse, and thus convince that he’s a Prince.”

Sir, as the Lady Florence Pepele, the sister of the young King of Bonny, successor to him of whom I was proud to be Laureate, is coming over, and I shall have to address her in song, it might do me injury in my business if I were supposed capable of writing such verses as those I have quoted. By giving publication to the facts, you will oblige your obedient servant,

To Punch, Esq.

THE POET CLOSE.

STUTTGARDT.—The members of the Association for Classical Sacred Music recently gave a performance of Handel’s *Athalia*.

MUNICH.—The second performance of *Die Meistersinger* was not given till the 25th June, just a week after the first, as both Herr Betz and Herr Hözel were too fatigued to appear again sooner. The composer himself vanished mysteriously immediately after the first performance; a great many reasons are assigned for this sudden flight, which is probably connected in some way with the fact of his bowing from the King’s box. It would be entertaining a very incorrect notion of the power and sentiments of the court party and feudal nobility to suppose that such an act would be allowed to remain unpunished. Wagner has, however, not gone to Dresden, where he was expected, but returned to Lucerne, to do something more to his grand work, *Die Nibelungen*.—Herr Wagner’s opponents have been accused of being too lavish in their blame, but in the way of praise, it would be difficult to surpass Herr Cornelius, when he says in the *Suddeutsche Presse*: “The orchestra on the score of *Die Meistersinger* contains a large abundance of unusual combinations of colour: each twitching of the eyebrow, each movement of the hand, whether to threaten or to beckon, is pourtrayed in an unmistakable manner.” We cannot understand how a man can write such rubbish, and can only say to the founder of the School of the Future observes the Berlin *Echo*: Heaven preserve thee from thy friends!—A new caricature has excited a good deal of attention lately. It represents a splendid private box, decorated with princely emblems. In which theatre the box is situated the reader will easily guess. The two occupants of it, the one an aristocratic looking young man, and the other a plebeian individual with a face like a Saxon weaver’s, are fighting for the front place. Underneath is the well-known classic line: “Es soll der König mit dem Sänger gehen” (“The King shall associate with the poet”.)—A new three-act comic opera, *Der Rothmantel*, by Herr Krempselzer, has been accepted.

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